

# THE WEEKLY



# ARIZONA MINER.

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## THE ARIZONA MINER.

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Prescott, Arizona, April 10, 1870.

## Beautiful Announcement and Cold Hearted Practical Rejoinder.

The wife of a certain poet down East, presented to her lord, her first contribution to swell the census, in the shape of a boy baby, and the happy father thus celebrated the event in his local paper:

One night as old St. Peter slept,  
He left the gates of Heaven ajar,  
When out a little angel crept  
And came down like a falling star.

One summer when the blessed beams  
Of more approach'd, my blushing bride  
Awoke as from some pleasant dream,  
And found that angel by her side!

God grant but this, I ask no more,  
That when he leaves this world of sin,  
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,  
And find the gate of Heaven again!

Now that is certainly beautiful. But some matter-of-fact cuss thus knocks the poetry and sentiment out of the happy parent:

### ST. PETER'S REPLY.

For eighteen hundred years or more,  
I've kept my door securely tiled,  
Nor has a little Angel strayed,  
Or one been missing all the while.

I did not sleep as you supposed,  
And leave the gate of Heaven ajar,  
Nor has a little Angel strayed,  
And gone down like a falling star.

Go ask your blushing bride, and see  
If she don't frankly own and say,  
That when she found that Angel babe,  
She found it by the good old way.

God grant but this, I ask no more,  
That should your number yet enlarge,  
That you will not do as before,  
And lay it to old Peter's charge.

### FOR SHAME.

The New York Tribune, in commenting on the numerous reports of Indian depredations perpetrated in the Western Territories, gets off as follows:

"The drinking saloons, the gamblers, and the prostitutes out there want a war. An army is about the only kind of population that they think they are really suffering for. Then the speculators there who can no longer sell town lots at the 'terminus of the Pacific Railway,' want hay, beef, and grain contracts. If there is not a war, and a large army there, these peculiar cities would blow away, or have to wait until a decent agricultural population reached them. Happily for them they have one end of the telegraph line in their fingers. If they do not understand how to make their story plausible and coherent, they make up for it by a sanguinary temper and reckless imagination. Before Red Cloud had fairly disappeared from the Railroad, they could state that he was plotting with his chiefs a great and sanguinary war."

There are few of our readers who after perusing the above malignant and flagrant untruth, can repress the exclamation which commences this article. That a great, useful and powerful journal, published at the so-called fountain of civilization, should seek to malign and vilify the people of the Western Territories, without a shadow of cause, is attributable to only two reasons; either that it has sold itself body and soul for filthy lucre, to the interests of that damnable clique composing the Indian Ring at Washington, and is, in duty to the satanic coalition, bound to bolster up the misdeeds, blunders and iniquities of the Indian Department, at whatever sacrifice of truth and principle; or, a total obliviousness to the true condition of Indian affairs in this and adjoining Territories. Is it possible that so intelligent a journal as the New York Tribune really supposes for one moment that any class of our people desire an Indian war? In the event of a war with the Indians, any considerable body of them could, as we are now protected by Government, swoop down upon our towns, settlements, and ranches, with irresistible force, carrying wide-spread rapine, murder and desolation throughout our Territory; laying waste our beautiful valleys, murdering defenseless women and children, and destroying at one blow the prosperity that required years of privation and self-denial to acquire. Never since the organization of Montana, (and the fact is equally true of our sister Territories), has there been anything like adequate protection to the lives and property of its citizens from Indian depredations. It is a rather singular fact that Mr. Greeley prefers to credit the statements made at the Indian pow-wow held at Washington recently, by the treacherous, blood-thirsty and cunning Red Cloud, to the official statement of Gen. Sheridan; that he listens with credulous attention to the piteously told romance of the snaking, whisky and powder selling half-breed knave and renegade, John Reshaw, in behalf of Spotted Tail's murderous, vermin infected thieves, and turns a deaf ear and mute tongue to the accounts of Indian outrages daily happening in Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Montana and Arizona. But we have long since ceased to look for influence from the Eastern press to render us any assistance in this matter, and can well afford to spare their good words, when we have such brave soldiers as Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock and Baker to champion our rights. We entertain the opinion that if Horace could be run fifteen miles or more by a dozen red and striped yelling Indian devils, and be compelled to leave as a trophy in their hands his white hat and grey coat, he would be induced to look at this Indian question in a different light, and the asperity he exhibits towards those living in dangerous proximity to hostile tribes would be somewhat softened. In those tribes would be somewhat softened. In those tribes would be somewhat softened.

The hardy and industrious settlers of the mountains have trials enough without being subject to slander from such a source.—*Dear Lodge (Montana) New Northwest.*

There are no residents of Arizona who can read the above item and the comments of the Montana editor thereon, without a feeling of satisfaction that so able an exponent of the views of the frontiersman has torn the flimsy veil of words asunder with which old Greeley clothes his base insinuations, and wholesale defamation of the settlers in the Territories. In Arizona we have no railroad terminus, no mushroom towns with their town-lot speculators, no telegraph line; but we have as hardy, honest, industrious a population of men and women as ever settled on any portion of U. S. territory west of Plymouth Rock, and we are surrounded by as blood-thirsty, mean, sneaking, treacherous, murderous savages, as ever exercised their peculiar talents in destroying the property and raising the scalp of U. S. citizens.

We want no war—"Let us have peace" has been our constant cry for years. Not a military officer has been in command of the Arizona districts, divisions, or department, but has asked for more troops; not a delegate to Congress but has, backed by the most urgent petitions from the people, persistently seconded their requests, to the end that by a vigorous campaign of a few months our Indian troubles might be forever ended. Those requests have been ignored, and our prayers unheeded; and Arizonians well understand that it is to the manufacture of public sentiment by such men as Horace Greeley, who control the popular newspapers of the Eastern States, that they owe the semi-peace policy of the Government to-day in the Territories, a system which establishes a line of posts and camps through an Indian country, and garrisons them with forces so feeble that they are unable to follow and punish the Indians who kill the Government herders and drive off Government stock in sight of these forts, much less to protect settlers or avenge outrages on their lives and property. To such maudlin philanthropists are we indebted for Quaker Commissioners, and all that school of Indian operators. For the Apaches and all their kind, we believe there is but one suitable reservation, and that is a graveyard.

Such plausible traducers of character as old H. G. are frequently remembered in the ejaculatory prayers of the mountaineers from Minnesota to Mexico.

What Horace don't know about farming is like a drop in the ocean compared to what he don't know about Indians.

### Expenses of Indian Delegations.

In connection with other articles in this sheet touching our Indian affairs, the discussion in Congress July 11th, 1870, given below as published in the Congressional Globe, will be read with interest. Thos. Fitch, of Nevada, deserves a warm place in the heart of every Arizonian and every settler among the savages on the border, for the manly stand he has taken on the Indian question at all times during his term of service in Congress:

Mr. Dawes. I am under the necessity of asking the House to pass a little bill, which I report back from the Committee on Appropriations, for the expenses of the delegations of Indians who have recently visited the city of Washington. They have been entertained here, and some expense has been incurred.

Mr. Benjamin. Will the gentleman permit me to move an amendment to the bill?

Mr. Dawes. What is the nature of it?

Mr. Benjamin. I want to reduce the appropriation one half.

Mr. Dawes. The reason which the Department gives why the bill is so large, is that there were two delegations here, and a third, which has been invited, is coming. Besides providing for the expenses of the Indian delegations, the appropriation includes the purchase of presents to give to the Indians in all negotiations with them, not merely those who visited the city.

Mr. Benjamin. I understood when this bill was before the House that it appropriated \$30,000 for the payment of the expenses of Mr. Red Cloud and Mr. Spotted Tail in Washington. I think the amount altogether too large.

Mr. Dawes. It does not do that only. As I have said, it also provides for the expenses of another delegation which has been invited here. And then it pays the expense of taking them through the great cities of the country for the purpose of impressing upon their minds the power and magnitude of this country under the rule of the Great Father.

Mr. Benjamin. I feel strongly the necessity of looking after a proposition of this kind to expend so large an amount of money for that purpose; and I desire to move an amendment decreasing the amount appropriated, if the gentleman from Massachusetts will permit me.

Mr. Dawes. I cannot, of course, object to that. I will only say to the gentleman that in this matter I represent the Department in asking for this sum, and give the reasons as given by the Department. I am quite as sorry as the gentleman from Missouri can be, that it figures up to so large a sum as \$50,000. I could have wished that that \$50,000 could have been appropriated in some other

way; but I do not see how it can be helped. The Speaker. The joint resolution will be read.

The joint resolution (S. R. No. 317) to pay the expenses of the delegations of Indians visiting the city of Washington was read.

It directs that there be appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of \$50,000, to enable the Secretary of the Interior to defray the expenses of the delegations of Indians visiting Washington, and the purchase of presents for the members thereof in the year 1870.

Mr. Dawes. I promised the gentleman from Nevada [Mr. Fitch] a good while ago that I would not cut him off from an opportunity of saying something in reference to this measure, and I suppose I must yield to him.

Mr. Paine. I would like to inquire how much time the gentleman from Nevada proposes to occupy. If he proposes to make a speech of any great length I must decline to yield.

Mr. Fitch. I will need some five or ten minutes only.

Mr. Fitch. When my friend from Massachusetts, [Mr. Dawes] in the early part of this session, astonished his friends—

Mr. Dawes. And astounded his enemies.

Mr. Fitch. And delighted the Democratic side of the house by his severe scoring of the estimates of the Administration, and brought sorrow to the souls of the Pennsylvania delegation by his onslaught on League Island, I did not attempt to criticize his course, although I marveled at it. I thought there must be some good reason for it, and although appearances were against him, continued to place great confidence, not only in his skill as a guardian of the Treasury, but also in his abilities as a partisan leader.

Mr. Dawes. Mr. Speaker, if I had supposed the speech of the gentleman was going to be anything like that, I would not have yielded to him. [Laughter.]

Mr. Fitch. When, later in the session, my friend from Massachusetts, [Mr. Dawes] sounded his economical trumpet before the walls of the Carson mine, I certainly expected to see that institution disappear like Jericho of old before the blast of this new angel of the Treasury protectors. Happily for Carson, that result did not follow his effort, although the walls trembled from turret to foundation-stone.

Now, I laid up no malice against my friend from Massachusetts, although at the other end of this Capitol the genial and distinguished senior Senator from Nevada gazed with dismay at the uplifted knife and mourned over the prospective loss of his one ewe lamb. I laid up no malice against my friend from Massachusetts, [Mr. Dawes] because I was satisfied he had some good purpose in view, some deep design that would one day become apparent. And when a little later admirals trembled and commodores went down discomfited under the assault that was made upon their pay by the economical committee of which the economical gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Dawes] is the chairman, I was still satisfied to co-operate with him, or at least not to criticize him, because I was sure that at some time or other, somewhere or other, we would learn the reason for the extraordinary conduct on the part of the gentleman from Massachusetts.

Sir, I think I have now the key to the whole matter. The gentleman from Massachusetts was saving up the money for Spotted Tail and his squaws. If it had not been for that, I am sure my friend, instead of endeavoring to secure the passage of this joint resolution, would have raised his voice in denunciation of the policy that proposes to take \$50,000 of the people's money and expend it upon a lot of squalid and murderous savages. He would have denounced loudly the idea of taking money from the public Treasury to furnish champagne cocktails, boxes at the opera, strawberries and cream, and all the luxuries of the season for these savages, who were entertained by the President as distinguished guests, and to pay attention to whom Senators and Cabinet Ministers vied in their efforts.

If the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Dawes] had understood Indian customs he would have known that every eagle's plume in the red head-dress of Red Cloud, which attracted the attention of the country and excited the comment of the reporters of the press, signified the scalp taken perhaps from the head of some white man or woman. Had that been understood by those who waited upon these red brethren and sisters, I am sure no Senator, Secretary or Representative would have pressed forward to take the hand of the distinguished horse-beggar and scalp-gatherer, Red Cloud, or the distinguished Spotted Tail and his lovely and accomplished squaws. I know my friend from Massachusetts could not have understood that, or we would not have him here to-day pressing for an appropriation of \$50,000 for the purpose indicated in this joint resolution.

I suppose the House will vote this money; but I would rather it were an appropriation to furnish rifles and ammunition to the people of Arizona, who are murdered and scalped at the very thresholds of their houses in the very capital of that Territory, while economy forbids that they should be defended by our Army, and red tape refuses them an opportunity to defend themselves. I am informed that when the Governor of that Territory, failing to get the requisite authority from here, and being practically denied protection from the troops, undertook to issue the bonds of the Territory, or by private subscriptions to raise companies to go out and fight the Apaches, who have murdered our citizens and practically driven them out of Arizona, the order came from the War Department that no private expeditions against the Indians could be permitted.

I suppose the House will vote this money; but I desire that it shall be distinctly understood that while I have no hostility to good

Indians—although I have never met any that I considered particularly valuable, and I have come in contact with some of them—no voice or vote of mine shall ever be given in favor of ministering to their self-importance by the absurd and fruitless policy of bringing them to visit the Great Father at Washington. I say it is an unwise policy; for those Indians, instead of being "impressed with the magnitude and power of this nation," as the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Dawes] suggests, derive the impression that when you bring them here to feast them and cajole them you are afraid of them and are trying to conciliate them. Why, sir, so useless was this expedition for which we are asked to pay \$50,000 that even when Red Cloud was on his way back to the Indian country his associates attacked and fired upon passenger trains upon the Union Pacific Railroad.

I say that this is a mistaken policy. I suppose that those who have incurred these expenses will be placed in an embarrassing position if we do not vote this appropriation. But no vote of mine shall ever be given for it. With due regard to the gentleman from Massachusetts, [Mr. Dawes] whom I do not intend to criticize personally, for I know he cannot be aware of the facts of the case, I say that when I go back to my constituents I shall be able to assure them that I did not participate in the general rush of Senators and Representatives who crowded forward to visit these savages and clasp hands with the blood of emigrants they had scalped and murdered on the plains; I shall be able to say that no hand of mine was offered to them and no voice of mine shall ever be given for an appropriation out of the public Treasury to supply them with presents and surround them with luxurious appliances.

### Letter from New York City.

[CORRESPONDENCE ARIZONA MINER.]

NEW YORK CITY, August 9, 1870.

The great yacht race for the American cup took place yesterday and was won by the schooner *Magic*. The *Cambria*, the representative yacht of the Royal Thames Yacht Club was badly beaten, and the cup remains in America; the *Sappho* arrived here yesterday morning too late to take part in the race.

The Nathan inquest was continued yesterday, and will not be concluded for some days. Notwithstanding the immense reward offered—\$47,000.00—no clue to the perpetrator of this horrible butchery has been found, and it is greatly feared that, like the *Burdell* and *Rogers* murders, it will forever remain a mystery. But the Police and Detectives are hard at work and will leave no stone unturned to bring the murderer to justice. Real, the murderer of officer Smedick, explained his crime upon the gallows on Friday last, two years and twelve days after he committed the murder. Strenuous efforts were made to induce Governor Hoffman to commute his punishment to imprisonment for life or to grant a respite, but they all proved futile, as the Governor refused to interfere. Here we have another illustration that "hanging for murder, is not played out in New York."

Yellow fever is reported as being in Philadelphia and twelve deaths have been reported already, the disease was brought in by a lot of infected rats from Jamaica. Small Pox has not entirely disappeared from this city, five deaths from it were reported last week. The mortality reports show an average increase of deaths this summer over the number last summer of 200 per week. The unusually warm summer has undoubtedly been the cause of it. This has been a very warm day, the thermometer has stood at 92° in the shade a greater part of it; the evenings are getting to be quite comfortable and we are in hopes that our "roasting term" is almost over.

Amusements here are very dull, almost all of the theatres, minstrel and concert halls are closed, but are making preparations to open early in September.

The Cheyenne (Wyoming) Tribune is indignant because some hungry office-seeker up there tried to have Capt. Thos. E. McClellan, Cheyenne's pioneer postmaster, removed. Hear it:

"We advise the helmsman of the local Judas, who has sought to perfect this villainous scheme, to go well *heeled*, and to go home at night early. Telegraph poles have their uses. Give them a wide berth."

Hang it, neighbor, don't talk so, any more. Recollect that the eyes of the mild-mannered, silver-tongued people of the gorgeous East are upon Wyoming and her sister Territories, watching for chances to traduce their people. Let us prove to them that we are not the robbers, and assassins they picture us.

Tan Falls City, (Nebraska), Journal, of a recent date notices the arrival in its town of Isham Reavis, Associate Justice of this Territory, and welcomes him back to "God's country," just as though Arizona, the country the Judge had just left, was not a holier, better country than North Pole Nebraska. The Judge will, of course, soon start back "to his station."